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**Patient Joe, Wild  
Robert**

**West-Smithfield  
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Cheap Repository.

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WILD ROBERT;  
DAN AND JANE,  
*and the*  
GIN-SHOP.



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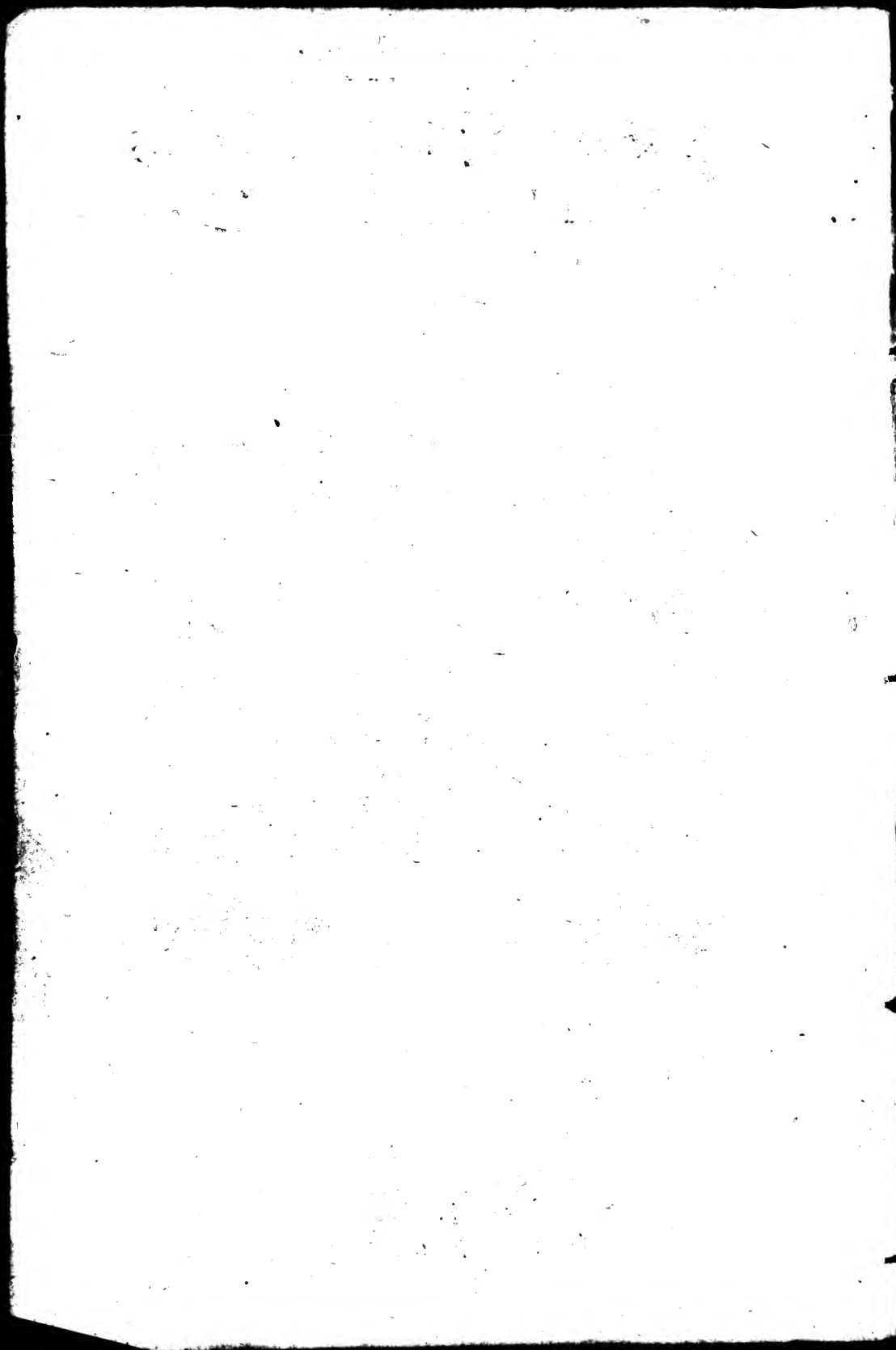
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# PATIENT JOE;

or the

## NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

HAVE you heard of a Collier of honest renown,  
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town?  
His name it was Joseph—you better may know  
If I tell you he always was called Patient Joe.

Whatever betided he thought it was right,  
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;  
To those who love God let things turn as they wou'd,  
He was certain that all work'd together for good.

He prais'd his Creator whatever befel,  
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!  
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,  
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bow'd him to God's holy will,  
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!  
When rich and when poor he alike understood  
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war he declar'd  
'Twas a needful correction for sins which he shar'd;  
And when merciful heaven bid slaughter to cease  
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace!

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When taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,  
 Still Joseph declar'd he had nothing to fear;  
 It was but a trial he well understood  
 From him who made all work together for good.

Tho' his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,  
 A mind so submissive prepar'd him for all;  
 He liv'd on his gains, were they greater or less,  
 And the Giver he ceas'd not each moment to bless.

When another child came he receiv'd him with joy  
 And Providence bless'd who had sent him a boy;  
 But when the child dy'd—said poor Joe, i'm content,  
 For God has a right to recall what he lent.

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit,  
 With some who believ'd that profineness was wit;  
 When disasters befel him much pleasure they shew'd  
 And laugh'd and said Joseph, will this work for good?

But ever when these would prophanely advance  
 That this happen'd by luck and THAT happen'd by  
 chance,

Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found;  
 Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who work'd in the pit,  
 And made him the butt of their profligate wit,  
 Was idle Sam Jenkins, who drank and who gam'd,  
 Who mock'd at his Bible, and was not asham'd.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,  
 And they chatted preparing to go under ground;  
 Sam Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest  
 Joe's notion, that all things which happen'd were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid,  
 His provision for dinner of bacon and bread,



A dog on the watch seiz'd the bread and the meat,  
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Sam Jenkins express't !

" Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best ? "

" No doubt on't," said Joe, " but as I must eat,  
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying he follow'd the dog a long round,  
While Sam laughing and swearing, went down under  
ground,

Poor Joe soon returned, tho' his bacon was lost,  
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back he expected a sneer,  
But the face of each collier spoke horror and fear,  
" What a narrow escape has thou had, they all said,  
" The pit is fall'n in, and Sam Jenkins is dead ! "

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph express'd !  
How warm the compassion which glow'd in his  
breast !

Thus events great and small if aright understood,  
Will be found to be working together for good.

" When my meat," Joseph cry'd, was just now  
stol'n away,

And I had no prospect of eating to day,  
How cou'd it appear to a short-sighted sinner,  
That my life would be sav'd by the loss of my din-  
ner ! "

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THE EXECUTION OF  
**WILD ROBERT**

Being a Warning to all Parents.

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**WILD ROBERT** was a graceless youth,  
And bold in every sin;  
In early life with petty thefts,  
His course he did begin.

But those who deal in lesser sins,  
In great will soon offend;  
And petty thefts not check'd betimes,  
In murder soon may end.

And now like any beast of prey,  
Wild Robert shrunk from view,  
Save when at eve on Bagshot Heath,  
He met his harden'd crew.

With this fierce crew Wild Robert there  
On plunder set his mind;  
And watch'd and prowl'd the live-long night  
To rob and slay mankind.

But God whose vengeance never sleeps,  
Tho' he delays the blow,  
Can in a single moment lay  
The prosperous villain low.

One night, a fatal night indeed !  
 Within a neighbouring wood,  
 A harmless passenger he robb'd,  
 And dy'd his hands in blood.

The direful deed perform'd, he went  
 To shew his golden spoils,  
 When vengeful Justice, unawares,  
 Surpris'd him in her toils.

Wild Robert seiz'd at once was known,  
 (No crape had hid his face)  
 Imprison'd, try'd, condemned to die ?  
 Soon run was Robert's race!

Since short the time the laws allow  
 To murderer's doom'd to die,  
 How earnest should the suppliant wretch  
 To heaven for mercy cry!

But he, alas ! no mercy sought,  
 Tho' summon'd to his fate;  
 The cart drew near the gallows tree,  
 Where throng'd spectators wait,

Slow as he pass'd no pious tongue  
 Pour'd forth a pitying prayer;  
 Abhorrence all who saw him felt,  
 He, horror and despair.

And now the dismal death-bell toll'd,  
 The fatal cord was hung,  
 While sudden, deep, and dreadful shrieks,  
 Burst forth amidst the throng.

Hark! 'tis his mother's voice he hears!  
 What horror shakes his frame;  
 'Tis rage and fury fill his breast,  
 Not pity love or shame.

“ One moment hold,” the mother cries,  
 “ His life one moment spare,  
 One kiss, my miserable child,  
 My Robert once so dear !”

“ Hence, cruel mother, hence,” he said,  
 Oh ! deaf to nature’s cry ;  
 “ Your’s is the fault, I liv’d abhor’d  
 And unlamented die.

You gave me life, but with it gave  
 What made that life a curse ;  
 My sins uncurb’d, my mind untaught,  
 Soon grew from bad to worse.

I thought that if I scap’d the stroke  
 Of man’s avenging rod,  
 All wou’d be well, and I might mock  
 The vengeful power of God.

My hands no honest trade were taught,  
 My tongue no pious pray’r ;  
 Uncheck’d I learnt to break the laws,  
 To pilfer, lie, and swear.

The Sabbath-bell that toll’d to church,  
 To me unheeded rung ;  
 God’s holy name and word I curs’d  
 With my blaspheming tongue.

No mercy now your ruin’d child  
 Of heav’n can dare implore,  
 I mock’d at grace and now I fear  
 My day of grace is o’er.

Blame not the law that dooms your son,  
 Compar'd with you 'tis mild ;  
 'Tis you have sentenc'd me to death,  
 To hell have doom'd your child."

He spoke, and fixing fast the cord,  
 Resign'd his guilty breath ;  
 Down at his feet his mother fell.  
 By conscience struck with death.

Ye parents, taught by this sad tale,  
 Avoid the path she trod ;  
 And teach your sons in early years,  
 The fear and love of God.

So shall their days, tho' doom'd to toil,  
 With peace and hope be blest ;  
 And heaven, when life's short task is o'er,  
 Receive their souls to rest.





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# DAN AND JANE;

OR

## FAITH AND WORKS;

A Tale.

GOOD Dan and Jane were man and wife,  
And liv'd a loving kind of life;  
One point however they disputed,  
And each by turns his mate confuted.  
'Twas Faith and Works—this knotty question  
They found not easy of digestion.  
While Dan alone for faith contended,  
Jane equally good works defended.  
“ They are not Christians sure, but Turks,  
Who build on faith and scoff at works,”  
Quoth Jane—while eager Dan reply'd,  
“ By none but heathens faith's deny'd.  
I'll tell you, wife,” at length quoth Dan,  
“ A story of a right good man,  
A patriarch sage of ancient days,  
A man of faith whom all must praise.  
In his own country he possess'd  
Whate'er can make a wise man blest;  
His was the flock, the field, the spring,  
In short a little rural king,  
Yet, pleas'd he quits this native land,  
By faith in the divine command:

God bade him go, and he content,  
 Went forth not knowing where he went,  
 He trusted in the promise made,  
 And undisputing strait obeyed,  
 The heavenly word he did not doubt,  
 But prov'd his faith by going out."

Jane answered with some little pride—

" I've an example on my side;  
 And tho' my tale be somewhat longer,  
 I trust you'll find it vastly stronger,  
 I'll tell you, Daniel, of a man,  
 The holiest since the world began,  
 Who now God's favor is receiving,  
 For prompt *obeying*, not *believing*.  
 One only son this man possess;  
 In whom his righteous age was blest;  
 And more to mark the grace of heaven,  
 This son by miracle was given;  
 And from this child the word Divine  
 Had promised an illustrious line,  
 When lo! at once a voice he hears,  
 Which sounds like thunder in his ears;  
 God says—Go sacrifice thy son!  
 —This moment, Lord, it shall be done,  
 He goes, and instantly prepares  
 To slay this child of many prayers.  
 Now here you see the grand expedience  
 Of *works*, of actual sound *obedience*.  
 This was not *faith*, but act and deed,  
 The Lord commands the child shall bleed,  
 Thus Abraham *acted*," Jenny cried;  
 " Thus Abraham *trusted*," Dan replied.  
 " Abraham?" quoth Jane, why that's my man."  
 " No, Abraham's him I mean," says Dan.

He stands a monument of FAITH ;”

“ No. 'tis for works the scripture saith.”

“ 'Tis for his faith that I defend him :”

“ 'Tis for obedience I commend him.”

Thus he—thus she—both warmly feel,

And lose their temper in their zeal ;

Too quick each other's choice to blame,

They did not see each meant the same.

At length, “ good wife,” said honest Dan,

“ We're talking of the self-same man,

The works you praise I own indeed,

Grow from that faith for which I plead ;

And Abraham, whom for faith I quote,

For works deserves especial note :

'Tis not enough of faith to TALK,

A man of God with God must walk !

Our doctrines are at last the same,

They only differ in the name.

The faith I fight for is the root,

The works you value are the fruit.

How shall you know my creed's sincere,

Unless in works my faith appear ?

How shall I know a tree's alive,

Unless I see it bear and thrive ?

Your works not growing on my root,

Would prove they were not genuine fruit,

If faith produce no works, I see

That faith is not a living tree.

Thus faith and works together grow,

No separate life they e'er can know ;

They're soul and body, hand and heart,

What God hath join'd, let no one part,



*The* G I N - S H O P ;  
Or, A P E E P I N T O A P R I S O N .

**L** O O K thro' the land from North to South,  
And look from East to West;  
And see what is to Englishmen,  
Of life the deadliest pest.

It is not want, tho' that is bad ;

Nor war, tho' that is worse :

But Britons brave endure, alas !

A self-inflicted curse.

Go where you will throughout the realm,

You'll find the reigning sin,

In cities, villages and towns ;

—The monster's name is GIN.

The Prince of Darkness never sent,

To man a deadlier foe ;

" My name is Legion," it may say,

The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive

The labourer of his wealth,

That is not all, it murders too

His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,

And hard they are, 'tis true—

But, drunkards, to your wives and babes

They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self impos'd,

Like every other sin ;

The taxes altogether lay,

No weight so great as Gin.

The state compels no man to drink,  
Compels no man to game;  
'Tis Gin and gambling sink him down,  
To rags, and want, and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by Gin,  
Is for a tyrant known;  
The tenderest heart that nature made,  
Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes  
Are poorly cloath'd and fed;  
Because the craving Gin-Shop takes  
The children's daily bread.

Come, neighbor, take a walk with me,  
Thro' many a London street;  
And see the cause of penury,  
In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—  
Behold that great man's door;  
He well discerns that idle crew,  
From the deserving poor.

He will relieve with liberal hand,  
The child of honest thrift;  
But where long scores at Gin-Shops stand,  
He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,  
Who plies her woeful trade!

'Tis ten to one you'll find that Gin,  
That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down these steps and view below

Yon cellar under ground;  
There every want and every woe;  
—And every sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,  
With hunger and with cold,  
Were by their parents love of Gin,  
To sin and misery sold.

Blest be those friends\* to human-kind  
Who take these wretches up,  
Ere they have drank the bitter dregs  
Of their sad parent's cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bar's  
Look thro' that dismal grate ;  
And learn what dire misfortune brought,  
So terrible a fate.

The debtor and the felon too,  
Tho' differing much in sin ;  
Too oft you'll find where thither brought,  
By all-destroying Gin.

Yet heaven forbid I should confound  
Calamity with guilt !  
Or name the debtor's lesser fault,  
With blood of brother spilt.

To prison dire misfortune oft  
The guiltless debtor brings ;  
Yet oft'ner far it will be found  
From Gin the misery springs.

See the pale manufact'rer there,  
How lank and lean he lies !  
How haggard is his sickly cheek !  
How dim his hollow eyes !

He plied the loom with good success,  
His wages still were high ;  
Twice what the village lab'rer gains,  
His master did supply.

\* The Philanthropic Society.

No book-debts kept him from his cash,  
 All paid as soon as due ;  
 His wages on the Saturday  
 To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,  
 On wife and children spent !  
 But all must for his pleasures go !  
 All to the Gin-Shop went.

See that apprentice, young in years,  
 But hackney'd long in sin ;  
 What made him rob his master's till ?  
 Alas ! 'twas love of Gin.

That serving man—I knew him once  
 So jaunty, spruce, and smart !  
 Why did he steal, then pawn the plate !  
 'Twas Gin ensnar'd his heart.

But hark ! what dismal sound is that ?  
 'Tis Saint Sepulchre's bell !  
 It tolls, alas ! for human guilt,  
 Some malefactor's knell.

O ! woeful sound ! O ! what could cause,  
 Such punishment and sin ?  
 Hark ! hear his words, he owns the cause,  
 Bad Company and Gin.

And when the future lot is fix'd,  
 Of darkness fire and chains,  
 How can the drunkard hope to 'scape  
 Those everlasting pains ?

For if the murd'rer's doom'd to woe,  
 As holy Writ declares,  
 The drunkard with self-murderers  
 That dreadful portion shares.

Z.